just US

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I am hot for you even though you are my teacher and I am not supposed to.

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I walk into you office, but you are busy and tell me to sit down and wait. You don't even notice that I am wearing a miniskirt and a tight little white blouse that lets you see my pink bra. I know that you are not supposed to look but I really want you to. Yes, I am hot for you even though you are my teacher and I am not supposed to, but you look so good all dressed in black and with that cowboy hat on that there is nothing that would stop me from having your dick inside my vagina, not even you wife, not even you daughters. In fact I wouldn't even mind where we did it, that's how much I want it.
So there I am waiting for you to finish your call so you can pay a little bit of attention to me. i see you way to interested in the phone call so I stand up to look at your books. While I do so I let you notice that I have very like on me and you do. Which make me so hot I just want to open my legs and let you in, let you try how my flavor as I taste yours. And I know I must not think this, that it is prohibited and I could ruin your life. But I just can't stop thinking of how your muscular body would look on top of me. How good you must feel inside. As you hang the phone I act as if I don't notice as if I were paying no attention to what you were saying or doing, even though that is all I was doing.
--what is it you need miss Romanis
--I just wanted to know if you were going to come to the final presentation?—
--of course I am, why wouldn't I?
--since you didn't answer me back I just believed you weren't interested in seeing some of your students dance?
And as I said that last phrase my heart was beating so fast I could not think of anything I could answered back if se said no….
--Miss Romanis, I wouldn't miss seeing any of you dance after all you have worked very hard for this.
--thank you professor Rigat, I will make sure that they save you a seat near the stage.
As I said this I could see in your look that you knew that there was something else in my invitation than just a student asking her teacher to go see a dace presentation with which he had nothing to do. And so you answered me –and is your boyfriend going?—
--no sir, we broke up about three day ago. He cheated on me.
--oh my miss Romanis I had no idea, you must feel terrible.
As you spoke those words I acted as if I were to cry and waked to the door as if I were embarrassed that you could see me in that state but as I opened the door you said:

--Miss Romanis please don’t go like that. They will think I just flunked you if they see you walk out this office crying. I never meant to make you cry or remember such bad things I just wanted to know if anybody else was going to see you dance, given I knew that your families doesn’t live in this country and most of your friends have all ready left for summer break.

While you said those things to me in a very sweet tone you walk over and put your hand on my shoulder. I take a deep breath and with my head down I turn around and ask you if you would hug me and without another world you hold me tight in your arms. Not like a father does with his child but as a man holds a woman he desires.

I let you feel me and smell me and when I know you like what you have in your arms I kiss you in the cheek and say –see you later at the presentation professor--. And without a single doubt I walk out of you office knowing you want me as much as I want you.